

Price \$2.00 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 9367
Single Number 4 Cents.

all the ten commandments. He has genius, certainly. If he had to earn his bread, he has enough of the true imagination to have starved according to rule. Well! the marquis isn't a genius, at any rate—the case of a genius seldom is. He is not here taught; he has gone to Florence with his wife, who is in very delicate health. He is an ardent bore, a wooden man, and talks without comprehending yourself on having stamped a certain inflexion by his appearance shames. Gerald looks blue: is his place a

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.
The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week was estimated at about 300 head. The prices received from Jan. 15 to 17, 1890, were as follows: From the 15 to 17 head, \$4.00 to \$4.25; 18 to 20 head, \$4.25 to \$4.50; 21 to 23 head, \$4.50 to \$4.75; 24 to 26 head, \$4.75 to \$5.00; 27 to 29 head, \$5.00 to \$5.25; 30 to 32 head, \$5.25 to \$5.50; 33 to 35 head, \$5.50 to \$5.75; 36 to 38 head, \$5.75 to \$6.00; 39 to 41 head, \$6.00 to \$6.25; 42 to 44 head, \$6.25 to \$6.50; 45 to 47 head, \$6.50 to \$6.75; 48 to 50 head, \$6.75 to \$7.00; 51 to 53 head, \$7.00 to \$7.25; 54 to 56 head, \$7.25 to \$7.50; 57 to 59 head, \$7.50 to \$7.75; 60 to 62 head, \$7.75 to \$8.00; 63 to 65 head, \$8.00 to \$8.25; 66 to 68 head, \$8.25 to \$8.50; 69 to 71 head, \$8.50 to \$8.75; 72 to 74 head, \$8.75 to \$9.00; 75 to 77 head, \$9.00 to \$9.25; 78 to 80 head, \$9.25 to \$9.50; 81 to 83 head, \$9.50 to \$9.75; 84 to 86 head, \$9.75 to \$10.00; 87 to 89 head, \$10.00 to \$10.25; 90 to 92 head, \$10.25 to \$10.50; 93 to 95 head, \$10.50 to \$10.75; 96 to 98 head, \$10.75 to \$11.00; 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"ONE BY ONE."

They are gathering homeward from every land,
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one.
Their brows are crowned in a golden crown;
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the sand,
Where the Lamb loveth his children to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one;
To come as the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill:
To others the waves run fiercely wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undied,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to that river side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each evening,
One by one.
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all its banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one.
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and cold;
We know not the spot where our feet may hold:
Then who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light,
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside us we tread,
One by one;
On Thy let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind.
Saviour, Redeemer, be Thou in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

A LONG SWIM.

"Bless my soul! Jones is dead."
"What! your cousin the parson?"
"No, no!"
"Not Jones of the North?"
"No, Jones of the Narrows."
"You don't say so. Which of them?"
"Peyton Jones."

"Dear me! I'm very sorry to hear it. Scanning fellow was Peyton Jones. Thoroughly good fellow. What did he die of? It would take a good deal to kill Jones."

"No! You don't mean to say that Indiana killed Jones? God! fancy a man who'd had yellow fever three times, dying of influenza!"

"Ay, and who had been chewed for half an hour by a tiger in a jungle!"

"Yes, and who awoke one morning with a box constrictor round his neck?"

"Just so, and who took that tremendous swim at Antigua?"

"Ah! what was that?"

"Did you never hear of that? Why, it was one of the pluckiest things that was ever done. I am surprised you never heard of that. Surely I must have told you that myself. Goodness knows, I am never likely to forget it, but for Peyton Jones, I might not be here now to tell it. Jones was in the *Shrewsbury* when the affair occurred, and the ship was lying in the harbor of Antigua. I was out there at the same time, and saw a good deal of the naval men, and a better set of fellows I wouldn't wish to know. You never were in the West India, I think; so I must explain, that outside the regular harbor of Antigua there is a sort of second harbor—a large bay, the shore of which, on one side, after taking a wide sweep, runs out into the sea for a great distance. Well, one fine day it was arranged that we should have a picnic, on four or five of the officers, among whom was Peyton Jones, with an Irish doctor and myself for guests, took the ship's pinnace and three men, sailed out of the harbor and across the bay to an eighth spot on the opposite shore, and there pitched to our hearts' content. The doctor was as valuable a man at festivities of this kind. He takes delight to follow one another like a string of sausages; the head of one joined to the tail of another by a Faith, and that reminds me—particularly funny to listen to, from the absence of anything in the first story that could by any possibility have suggested the second.

"On the occasion, I am speaking of, he kept off in front of us, day, being cornered and being cornered, day, being cornered, day, being cornered. So, after one more tale, which, being of an exceedingly comic character, reminded the doctor of a very distressing case at that time in hospital, we finished the other bottle, and in a short time were asleep. No sooner were we under way, than Dr. O'Grady got up an argument with Jones, who was at the helm, upon the subject of steering, and in a short time requested, on the ground that illustration was necessary to render his views clear, to be allowed to give a practical example of his powers as a steersman. The Jones at first objected to; but public feeling running strongly in favor of the doctor's being allowed to try his hand, and the doctor giving the feeling voice with a force and vigor peculiar to himself, the end of the matter was, that he was soon seated comfortably at the helm, making the *Shrewsbury* steersman.

"For a short time the voyage went on very smoothly; but just as O'Grady was in the middle of an amazingly funny comparison between Antioch, whose singing attracted the dolphins, and himself, whose voice appeared to possess a certain charm for sharks, a sudden gust of wind took us and laid us on our beam ends.

"Port your helm," shouted Jones, jumping up, and making for the tiller. "Port, O'Grady!"

"The same 't' you, and plenty of it," replied the doctor, still fastidious, though a thought hurried. "Port it!"

"But, unfortunately, port is wrong. By a little error of the doctor's, it was starboard instead, and the result was that a sudden gust of wind took us and laid us on our beam ends.

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could swim at all, worked zealously at this, splashing as much as possible the while, in order to keep the sharks away; and in a very short time, a long row of moist, uncomfortable bodies ornamented the bottom of the capsize boat.

"Are we all here now?" cried Jones, who was at the end of the line. "One, two, three—Good Heavens! where's the doctor?"

"Help!" shrieked a man who was at the other end of the boat. "Help! Here's a shark at my leg. He's got my foot in his mouth!"

"Faith, and if it is a shark," said the voice of the doctor from the water, "ye'll never be troubled with corns on that foot again. But this is no fish, but an Indiana!" fortunately for you, Thompson. Lend a hand, boys. It's myself, and no mistake. That's right. Ah, ye ungrateful brute!—apostrophizing the boat—'what did ye go turning over in that way for, after I'd been steering ye so carefully, and all!'"

"By Jove, I thought ye'd picked all up," said Jones. "I'd forgotten ye, O'Grady."

"Upon my conscience," said the doctor, frankly, "and ye were justified in that same, for, faith! I forgot myself when I undertook to steer. But who could have expected that a boat which was going on so mightily pleasant, would have turned suddenly over on its stomach, in that ungrateful fashion?"

"I did not know you could swim, doctor," some one said.

"I'm not, perhaps, what ye'd call altogether a fine swimmer," O'Grady returned; "but if it's diving ye want, I'm the boy. Rodas, is was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's foot, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped."

"Well, we're all here now, at any rate," said Jones, "but what's to be done next? Has any one any suggestion to make?"

"And is it suggestion you make?" said O'Grady; "then it's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman has in the possession of a brandy flask, let him pass it down here!"

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we."

"Back to the hamper!" cried the doctor; "and had back to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck of all to the shark that will come into so fine a property, and may the glass bottle cut the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen."

"Stop fooling," O'Grady said Jones. "The business is very serious."

"And, by Jove, it was. Here were nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capsize boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and as I'm the best swimmer of you all, I'll go.'"

"By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow," said the man next to him.

"Just what I shan't do," said Jones; "I shall think of them as little as possible. There's no help for it, you know; some one must go."

It was so thoroughly one man taking the danger of set on his own shoulders, that each of us, from very shame, endeavored to dissuade him; but as all that we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapton, who was a very good swimmer, declared he'd accompany him.

"It's better for two of us to go," said Knapton; "for if only one went, and he were to come to grief on the way, you know, these fellows would be no better off than they are now."

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy now-a-days; it doesn't look much like national degeneracy, I imagine, when, out of ten men, some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account, two could be found to go in for such a very fearful job as this. Well, Jones and Knapton stripped themselves to the skin—the sea lay before them, and they were off. The doctor, who was watching as long as the falling light would let him, heard him and falling into the water, and the speaking made by their feet.

"Knapton!" Jones shouted to Knapton, for he knew that towards sharks are and what a little thing will sometimes frighten them. "Knapton!" make as much splash as possible. It's your only chance, if they get a sight of you."

"And there we sat in silence—even the doctor was dumb for the time—staring after the two heroes; for, forsooth, they were, if there are such things as all, first their heads were lost in the darkness; then the white foam made by their feet, and knowing, as we did, the dangers that surrounded them, when we lost sight of that, the hope that they could ever reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to have to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger; to feel that you cannot raise a finger to help them, however desperate their position. I don't know that I ever passed a more wretched time than I did after Jones and Knapton had got beyond our sight. As I sat shivering on that dismal boat, thinking of those two fellows swimming alone in the midst of peril which they had no power to avoid, there came into my mind a scene from an old book, which I had not read since I was a child, in which a man had to pass in the dark of night through a valley all overgrown with thorns and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction.

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while for some time almost side by side; their faces set for the shore, and

their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might at any moment happen down below. Some men—among them have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my foot against a shark, would have made me feel as if I were walking on a mine, and I should have been as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof.

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"And, by Jove, it was. Here were nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capsize boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and as I'm the best swimmer of you all, I'll go.'"

"By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow," said the man next to him.

"Just what I shan't do," said Jones; "I shall think of them as little as possible. There's no help for it, you know; some one must go."

It was so thoroughly one man taking the danger of set on his own shoulders, that each of us, from very shame, endeavored to dissuade him; but as all that we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapton, who was a very good swimmer, declared he'd accompany him.

"It's better for two of us to go," said Knapton; "for if only one went, and he were to come to grief on the way, you know, these fellows would be no better off than they are now."

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy now-a-days; it doesn't look much like national degeneracy, I imagine, when, out of ten men, some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account, two could be found to go in for such a very fearful job as this. Well, Jones and Knapton stripped themselves to the skin—the sea lay before them, and they were off. The doctor, who was watching as long as the falling light would let him, heard him and falling into the water, and the speaking made by their feet.

"Knapton!" Jones shouted to Knapton, for he knew that towards sharks are and what a little thing will sometimes frighten them. "Knapton!" make as much splash as possible. It's your only chance, if they get a sight of you."

"And there we sat in silence—even the doctor was dumb for the time—staring after the two heroes; for, forsooth, they were, if there are such things as all, first their heads were lost in the darkness; then the white foam made by their feet, and knowing, as we did, the dangers that surrounded them, when we lost sight of that, the hope that they could ever reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to have to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger; to feel that you cannot raise a finger to help them, however desperate their position. I don't know that I ever passed a more wretched time than I did after Jones and Knapton had got beyond our sight. As I sat shivering on that dismal boat, thinking of those two fellows swimming alone in the midst of peril which they had no power to avoid, there came into my mind a scene from an old book, which I had not read since I was a child, in which a man had to pass in the dark of night through a valley all overgrown with thorns and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction.

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while for some time almost side by side; their faces set for the shore, and

their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might at any moment happen down below. Some men—among them have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my foot against a shark, would have made me feel as if I were walking on a mine, and I should have been as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof.

"I don't know you could swim, doctor," some one said.

"I'm not, perhaps, what ye'd call altogether a fine swimmer," O'Grady returned; "but if it's diving ye want, I'm the boy. Rodas, is was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's foot, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped."

"Well, we're all here now, at any rate," said Jones, "but what's to be done next? Has any one any suggestion to make?"

"And is it suggestion you make?" said O'Grady; "then it's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman has in the possession of a brandy flask, let him pass it down here!"

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we."

"Back to the hamper!" cried the doctor; "and had back to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck of all to the shark that will come into so fine a property, and may the glass bottle cut the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen."

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"And, by Jove, it was. Here were nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capsize boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was just falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, attracted by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables. But what was to be done? The only remedy was one that made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more risky expedition you can scarcely imagine, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and as I'm the best swimmer of you all, I'll go.'"

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hard lines; and the negro thought so. He satly refused to consent to the arrangement, and not without having some reason on his side either. And yet, what was Jones to do? He must give the alarm, and he must have some clothes to do it in. There was but one course before him: "to do a great right," he must "do a little wrong." It was exactly one of those cases in which, there being a show of right on both sides, nothing but might could settle it. It is not every man who, after swimming for two miles, would feel himself in a condition to assault a large negro, but Peyton Jones was one in a thousand.

"Look here, you rascal," said Jones, "I must have your trousers!"

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed the man, as if he were beginning to see the joke.

"I'll pay you for them, you black scoundrel," said the gentleman in buff.

"Yah, yah!" Let masses put him hand in his pocket, then, yah, yah!" said the gentleman in buff.

"If you don't give them to me I shall take them," said Jones.

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed the negro, as if the joke had been a good one all along, but here was the dream of it.

"Some men can appreciate no argument but force," thought Jones; so he knocked the negro down. Suppose now, an everybody knew, hard-headed individuals, but one blow from Jones would have slain a bull of Bashan. The negro offered no more resistance. Jones took off his trousers, put them on himself, and showing, to my mind, great moderation in not taking the shirt as well while he was about it, left the scoundrel to his fate.

Reached the ground, ran off to the harbor, and gave the alarm. The hunt-bands of H. M. S. *Shrewsbury* were turned out instantly; boats were sent out; and about ten o'clock that night, when we had given up all hope of being rescued from our distressing position till next day, and had set it down as certain that both Jones and Knapton had become food for sharks, the welcome lights, that assured us of at least one of them, shone through the darkness; and in a few minutes we were all taken off that uncomfortable keel, and lifted into the boat. It was a near thing, though. The boats had been here and there for a couple of hours without finding any trace of us; the lieutenant had given the order to return; and it was only through the boatswain neglecting the order, and making one out more, happily a scoundrel, that led to our being rescued. However, "time in time" is better than "too late," relief reached us at last; and in spite of sharks and shipwreck, there was not a man of us lost, thanks to Peyton Jones's heroic conduct in taking that perilous swim in the dark. And now he's dead, poor fellow!"

Possibly; but of Indiana? No, I'll never believe it."

RECIPIES.

KIDNEY SAUCE.—This is a breakfast dish. Any kidney will do. If you use a pork kidney, it must be cut in half and soaked in warm water. Take a beef kidney for instance. Cut it in small pieces. Put a little butter in a pan; add a pinch of chopped onion. When well colored by frying, add the kidney. Afterward stir in a teaspoonful of flour, and half a gill of water, and let it simmer for ten minutes.

ICE CREAM.—Take a teaspoon and a half of butter, warm it with a pint of milk, mix it smooth, take it from the fire, stir in a pint of cold milk and a teaspoonful of salt, beat four eggs and stir them in, together with sufficient sugar to make it a stiff batter.

HARSHMAN'S COGNAC.—One pint of sweet cream, one pound of granulated sugar, one ounce of harshman. Pound and sift the harshman. Knead very hard, roll very thin; bake quick. These are very nice; will keep one year. This quantity will make one hundred.

INDIAN BREAD.—One quart four milk, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, three cups of flour, two cups sugar—baked in loaf not less than two hours, four is desirable. Use oven.

INDIAN BUTTER.—At night take two cups of Indian meal; one cup of flour; one teaspoonful of salt; turn hot but not boiling water upon it; let it stand until morning; beat one egg and dissolve a teaspoonful of alumina and mix into the batter; bake in muffin rings, and serve hot.

SOURCE SWEETENED.—Take 1 lb. fresh butter, 1 lb. flour, 1 lb. white lead sugar; work the butter into the sugar by degrees, then add the flour in small quantities; knead it with the hand into either a round or square tin, about an inch thick, prick all over with a fork and mark nearly round the edges, and bake in rather a cool oven for half an hour. A few confits or strips of orange peel stuck over the top before putting into the oven is an improvement.

PREPARATION OF OAK DRESSING.—After the dress have been freed from the dirt and

"ONE BY ONE."

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one.
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one.
Their brows are enfolded in a golden crown;
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the sand.

Where the Lamb loveth his children to lead,
One by one.
Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one;
To come are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely wild,
Yet all reach the home of the undeliled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to that river side,
One by one;
We are nearer its waters each evening,
One by one.
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deep dream;
Sometimes the floods all its banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one.
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and cold;
We know not the spot where our feet may hold,
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light,
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside us we tread,
One by one;
On Thy let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind.
Savior, Redeemer, be Thou in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

A LONG SWIM.

"Bless my soul! Jones is dead!"
"What! your cousin the parson?"
"No, no!"
"Not Jones of the mill?"
"No, Jones of the mill was well."
"You don't say so. Which of them?"
"Peyton Jones."
"Dear me! I'm very sorry to hear it. Stunning fellow was Peyton Jones. Thoroughly good fellow. What did he die of? It would take a good deal to kill Jones!"

"Indiana!"
"No! You don't mean to say that Indiana killed Jones? I don't fancy a man who'd had yellow fever three times, dying of influenza!"
"Ay, and who had been chewed for half an hour by a tiger in a jungle!"
"Yes, and who awoke one morning with a box constrictor round his neck!"
"Just so, and who took that tremendous swim at Antigua?"

"Ah! what was that?"
"Did you never hear of that? Why, it was one of the pluckiest things that was ever done. I am surprised you never heard of that. Surely I must have told you that myself. Goodness knows, I am never likely to forget it; for, but for Peyton Jones, I might not be here now to tell it. Jones was in the harbor when the affair occurred, and the ship was lying in the harbor of Antigua. I was out there at the same time, and saw a good deal of the naval men, and a better set of fellows I wouldn't wish to know. You never were in the West Indies, I think; so I must explain, that outside the regular harbor of Antigua there is a sort of second harbor—a large bay, the shore of which, on one side, after taking a wide sweep, runs out into the sea for a great distance. Well, one day it was arranged that we should have a picnic, so four or five of the officers, among whom was Peyton Jones, with an Irish doctor and myself for guests, took the ship's pinnace and three men, raised out of the harbor and across the bay to an eligible spot on the opposite shore, and there pitched to our hearts content. The doctor was an invariable man at festivities of this kind. He takes used to induce one another to a string of raucous, the head of one joined to the tail of another by a Faith, and that reminds me—particularly funny to listen to, from the absence of anything in the first story that could by any possibility have suggested the second."

"On the occasion I am speaking of, he kept us in roars of laughter all day, telling stories and singing songs incessantly till it was time to think about returning. So, after one more tale, which, being of an exceedingly comic character, reminded the doctor of a very distressing case at that time in hospital, we finished the other bottle, and in a short time were about. No sooner were we under way than Dr. O'Grady got up an argument with Jones, who was at the helm, upon the subject of steering, and in a short time resounded on the ground that the steersman was becoming to render his views clear, he was allowed to give a practical example of his powers as a steersman. This Jones at first objected to; but public feeling running strongly in favor of the doctor's being allowed to try his hand, and the doctor giving the feeling voice with a force and eloquence peculiar to himself, the end of the matter was that he was soon comfortably at the helm, bawling the words of command."

"For a short time the voyage went on very smoothly; but just as I found myself in the middle of an amazingly funny comparison between Antigua, whose singing attracted the dolphins, and himself, whose voice appeared to possess a certain charm for sharks, a sudden gust of wind took us and laid us on our beam-ends."

"Forty years since," cried Jones, jumping up, and making for the cabin—"Forty years since!"

"The name 'you, and plenty of it," replied the doctor, still footless, though a thought flurried. "Forty it is!"

"But, unfortunately, port is starboard. By a little error of the doctor's, it was starboard instead, and the result was that a number of us were all struggling in the water, and the pinnace was kept upon its beam-ends. As several of the party could not swim, the first thing to do was to look after them, and help them to scramble up on to the keel. Peyton Jones, who was a magnificent swimmer, and all of us who

could swim at all, worked assiduously at this, splashing as much as possible, while, in order to keep the sharks away, and in a very short time, a long row of moat, uncomfortable bodies ornamented the bottom of the capstern boat.

"Are we all here now?" cried Jones, who was at the end of the line. "One, two, three—Good Heavens! where's the doctor?"

"Help!" shrieked a man who was at the other end of the boat—"help, help! Here's the shark at my leg. He's got my foot in his mouth!"

"Faith, and if it is a shark," said the voice of the doctor from the water, "ye'll never be troubled with corns on that foot again. But this is no fish, but an Irishman, fortunately for you, Thompson. Land a hand, boys. It's myself, and no mistake. That's right. Ah, ye ungrateful brute!—apostrophizing the boat—what did ye go turning over in that way for, after I'd been steering ye so carefully, and all?"

"By Jove, I thought ye'd picked all up," said Jones. "I'd forgotten you, O'Grady."

"Upon my conscience," said the doctor, frankly, "and you were justified in that same, for, faith! I forgot myself when I undertook to steer. But who could have expected that a boat which was going on so mightily pleasant, would have turned suddenly over on its stomach, in that unexpected fashion?"

"I did not know you could swim, doctor," some one said.

"I'm not, perhaps, what ye'd call altogether a fine swimmer," O'Grady returned; "but if it's diving ye want, I'm the boy. Read, it was that that detained me just now. No sooner did I come up, than down I went again; and if my attention had not been caught by Thompson's boat, faith! I can't exactly say to the minute when I should have stopped."

"Well, we're all here now, at any rate," said Jones; "but what's to be done next? Has any one any suggestion to make?"

"And is it suggestion you want?" said O'Grady; "then it's myself that has, and here it is: if any gentleman is in the possession of a brandy flask, let him pass it down here, which I should have stopped."

"No gentleman was. All the brandy left undrunk was in the hamper, and where the hamper was, the sharks knew better than we."

"Bad luck to the hamper!" said the doctor; "and bad luck to the fellow who put the brandy into it; and worse luck of all to the shark that will come into me for a property, and may the game bring out the coat of his stomach into ribbons. Amen!"

"Step footing, O'Grady," said Jones. "The business is very serious."

"And, by Jove, it was. Here were nine or ten of us, wet to the skin, sitting on the keel of a capstern boat, two full miles from shore, with no possibility of making way either forwards or backwards. In addition to all this, the bay swarmed with sharks, and the night—well, which comes on with a rush out there, you know—was not falling, so that there was no chance of being seen and picked up. If we were forced to remain in this desperately uncomfortable situation all night, there was every probability that some one, overcome by sleep, would be slipping off his unpleasant perch into the sea; and it was quite certain that the sharks, stimulated by such a promising feast, would be cruising about us on all sides, waiting, like dogs, for the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables. But what was to be done? The only remedy was that it made me shudder to think of—that some one should undertake to swim two miles, in defiance of the sharks and the darkness, and carry the intelligence of our misfortune to the ship. A more arduous expedition had scarcely imaginable, and it almost took my breath away when I heard Jones's voice from the end of the row say: 'Somebody must go and get assistance, and so I'm the best swimmer of you all. I'll go!'"

"By gad! think of the sharks, old fellow," said the man next to him.

"Just what I shall do," said Jones; "I shall think of them as little as possible. They shall be to me as much as the sharks, and I shall be to them as much as the sharks."

It was no thoroughly one man taking the danger of ten on his own shoulders, that each of us, for some shame, endeavored to dissuade him; but as all that we could say made no impression upon him, a midshipman named Knapp, who was a very good swimmer, declared he'd accompany him.

"It's better for two of us to go," said Knapp; "for if only one went, and he were to come to grief on the way, you know these fellows would be no better off than they are now."

"People talk a good deal about our national degeneracy now-a-days; it doesn't look much like national degeneracy, I imagine, when, out of ten men—some of whom, as not being able to swim at all, must be left out of the account—two could be found to go in for such a very serious job as this. Well, Jones and Knapp, equipped themselves to the skin—the low luggage you take on a journey of this kind, the better and dashed into the water; and you may fancy with what anxious hearts we on the boat watched as long as the falling light would let us, their heads rising and falling with the waves, and the splashing made by their feet."

"Kiss well, Jones shouted to Knapp, for a little while towards sharks are, and what a little thing will sometimes frighten them."

"Kiss well, mark as much splash as possible. It's your own chance, if they get a sight of you!"

"And there we sat in silence—over the doctor was dumb for the time—staring after the two heroes, for before they were, if there were such things at all, first their heads were lost in the darkness, then the white foam made by their feet, and knowing, as we did, the danger that surrounded them, when we lost sight of that hope that they could ever reach the shore seemed to mix with the darkness, and to be lost as well. It is a terribly painful thing to have to remain inactive while others are incurring great danger, to feel that you cannot raise a finger to help them, however desperate their position. I don't know that I ever felt more acutely written down than I did after Jones and Knapp had got beyond our thinking. As I sat staring on that dismal boat, thinking of the two fellows swimming alone in the midst of perils which they had no power to avoid, there came into my mind a scene from an old book, which I had not read since I was a child, in which a sailor had to pass in the dark night through a valley where there were with snakes and pitfalls, which in the darkness he could not see, but still was forced to go walking blindly on, conscious that at any moment he might step into absolute destruction."

"But Jones and the midshipman were swimming steadily all the while for some time almost side by side, their faces set for the shore, and

their thoughts dwelling as little as possible upon what might at any moment happen down below. Some men—I among them—have a horror of touching anything under water; and I am certain that if I had been either of those fellows, the very knowledge that every kick I gave might send my leg in a twinkling, would have acted like the touch of the electrical eel upon me, and deprived my muscles of all power of motion. It did not operate so with these, however. The apprehension of danger only made them more active in trying to escape from it, and for about three quarters of a mile—we could not see them, of course, but, as you may imagine, we had every single incident related to us afterwards—they proceeded swiftly and evenly. But after they had accomplished that distance, Knapp began to drop gradually behind. He had no doubt overpowered his powers, or exhausted himself with kicking too vigorously; at any rate, from what ever cause, when they had gone about a mile, he cried out to Jones: 'I can go no further. I must shut up. You go on. Never mind me, go on.' Jones, however, was the last man in the world to desert a friend in difficulties; he turned, and swam back to him at once.

"Are you done up, old fellow?" Jones said to him.

"Yes," said the midshipman; "I can't go on any further. But you go on; you'd better together."

"Not I," said Jones; "we set out together, and we'll finish together, or not at all. Now, look here. Don't you grasp at me, and cling to me; you're too good a swimmer not to know that that's a very bad plan. Run your hands upon my hips, let your body drop just quietly out; and I'll see what I can do."

"Knapp did exactly as he was bidden; Jones stretched himself out before him; and with more than ever resting upon him now, in every sense of the term, struck out again for the land as resolutely as before. Who was that rusty old hero? Jones, wasn't it? Jones wasn't!—that they make so much for about, because he carried his father on his shoulders out of burning Troy, all the while in mortal dread that Greeks would pop out upon him at every corner? Well, he was not a bit more of a hero than Peyton Jones. In fact, give me Jones for choice; for, reckoning the elements as about equally rare, who would not sooner have to deal with a Greek than a shark? In the first place, it would be said for Jones's case, it is perfectly true, whereas, as regards the feat of Father Knapp, it is—so put it in the mildest way—open to question."

"This is, however, rather a trifling way of speaking of what was no trifles to Jones. As he was swimming on, talking along with Knapp, more dead than alive, hanging on to him, he suddenly became aware that one of them was after him. The demon had found them out at last. It was a sickening moment; that it is to be said for Jones's case, it is perfectly true, whereas, as regards the feat of Father Knapp, it is—so put it in the mildest way—open to question."

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hard lines; and the negro thought so. He flatly refused to consent to the arrangement, and without having come reason on his side either. And yet, what was Jones to do? He must give the alarm, and he must have some clothes to do it in. There was but one course before him; 'to do a great right,' he must 'do a little wrong.' It was exactly one of those cases in which, there being a show of right on both sides, nothing but might can settle it. It is not every man who, after swimming for two miles, would feel himself in a condition to assault a large negro, but Peyton Jones was one in a thousand.

"Look here, you rascal," said Jones, "I must have your trousers!"

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed the man, as if he were beginning to see the joke.

"I'll pay you for them, you black scoundrel," said the gentleman in buff.

"Yah, yah! Let me see your hand in your pocket, den, yah, yah!" said the gentleman in buff.

"If you don't give them to me I shall take them," said Jones.

"Yah, yah, yah!" laughed the negro, as if he felt he had been a good one all along, but here was the cause of it.

"Some men can appreciate no argument but force, thought Jones, so he knocked the negro down. Negroes are, as everybody knows, hard-headed individuals, but one blow from Jones was more than enough for him; with two he would have slain a bull of Bashan. The negro roared with more resistance. Jones took off his trousers, put them on himself, and showing to my mind, great moderation in not taking the shirt as well while he was about it, left the scoundrel on the ground, ran off to the harbor, reached the ship, and gave the alarm. The hundred hands of H. M. S. *Bonanza* were turned up instantly; boats were sent out; and about ten o'clock that night, when we had given up all hope of being rescued from our distressing position till next day, and had set it down as certain that both Jones and Knapp had become food for sharks, the welcome lights, that assured us not only of our own deliverance, but of the safety of at least one of them, shone through the darkness; and in a few minutes we were all taken off that confounded keel, and lifted into the boat. It was a near thing, though. The boats had been here half an hour, for a couple of hours without finding any trace of them; the command had given the order to return; and I was only through the boatwain neglecting the order, and making one last search, happily a successful one, that led to our being rescued. However, 'just in time' is better than 'too late,' relief reached us at last; and in spite of sharks and shipwreck, there was not a man of us lost, thanks to Peyton Jones's heroic conduct in taking that perilous swim in the dark—And now he's dead, poor fellow!"

"Possibly; but of influenza? No, I'll never believe it!"

RECEIPTS.

KIDNEY PILLS.—This is a breakfast dish. Any kidney will do. If you use a pork kidney, it must be cut in half and soaked in warm water. Take a beef kidney for instance. Cut it in small pieces. Put a little butter in a pan; add a pinch of chopped onion. When well colored by frying, add the kidney. Afterward stir in half a teaspoonful of flour, and half a gill of white wine mixed in a bowl with some of the juice. A teaspoonful of chopped parsley may be added to the simmering mass.

HEALTHFUL COOKERY.—One pint of sweet cream, one pound of granulated sugar, one ounce of butter. Pound and sift the ingredients. Knead very hard; roll very thin; bake quick. These are very nice; will keep one year. This quantity will make one hundred.

INDIAN BREAD.—One quart sour milk, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful soda, three cups Indian meal, two cups flour—baked in loaf not less than two hours, four is desirable. Now over.

FRUIT MIXTURE.—At night take two cups of Indian meal, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, turn hot but not boiling water upon it, set it stand until morning; beat one egg and dissolve a teaspoonful of sugar and mix into the batter; bake in muffin rings, and serve hot.

SOURCE OF SWEETENERS.—Take, in first bottle, in flour, a gill sifted white loaf sugar; work the butter into the sugar by degrees, then add the flour in small quantities, knead it with the hands into a round or square, about as thick thick, prick all over with a fork and bake nearly round the edges, and bake in rather a cool oven for half an hour. A few crumbs or strips of orange peel stuck over the top before putting into the oven is an improvement.

PREPARATION OF OAK DOORS.—After the doors have been freed from the dirt and old varnish, by washing and scraping, give one coat of boiled linseed oil, covered with a little putty, and set them, allow three days for the oil to penetrate the wood and dry; then give two coats of copal varnish, allowing three days between each coat for the varnish to dry. This will restore the doors to their original color.

MARROW AND CASTER OIL FORK.—Pound two fresh marrow bones and remove the marrow carefully out of them, put into cold water until it is quite clear; this will take three or four days, during which the water must be frequently changed. Then put the marrow in a clean bowl, dissolve it, and strain it through muslin; after which add four ounces of castor oil. Beat these together with a silver fork until they are almost cold; but before the pomade sets, add the castor—half an ounce, if strong, will be required. This must not be added until cold, or else it evaporates.

TO CURE A COLD.—Put a large teaspoonful of linseed with a quarter of a pound of sun raisins and two ounces of stick liquorice into two quarts of soft water, and let it simmer over a slow fire till reduced to one quart. Add to it a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar-candy, a tablespoonful of old rum, and a tablespoonful of the best white wine vinegar or lemon juice. The rum and vinegar should be added as the decoction is taken. The dose is half a pint, made warm on going to bed; and a little may be taken whenever the cough is troublesome.

"Blessy, does your father take a paper?" "Yes, sir, two of 'em. One of 'em belongs to Mr. Smith and the other to Mr. Thompson. I book 'em both of the same as regular as can be."

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

"The first evidence which I shall bring before you," said Mr. Penning, "is that of Jane Garrod—a woman of excellent character, and well known, I believe, to several persons present."

Jane Garrod was accordingly called. As the servant who had ushered her into the room was going out, Lady Spenceknigh said: "If Martha Wilm is there, tell her to bring me my sala."

Once in the room, Mrs. Wilm took care not to leave it again. She sat down on a low stool behind Lady Spenceknigh, and was an attentive auditor of all that followed.

Jane courted respectfully to Lady Spenceknigh, and then to the assembled company; and then seated herself in the chair indicated by Mr. Penning, a short distance from the table. She was a firm-hearted woman, and neither her manner, nor her voice when she spoke, betrayed the slightest discomposure. After a few preliminary questions from Mr. Greenough, she began her narrative as under:

"My name is Jane Garrod, and I shall have been married eighteen years come next Lady-day. My father was a small farmer a few miles from Normanton; but he was too poor to keep all his children at home, and when I was old enough, I had to go out to service; and a few years later, I was fortunate enough to be chosen as lady's-maid to Miss Honoria Barry of Dean's Manor—close to where my father lived. Miss Honoria was just seventeen at that time, which was my own age. She was as beautiful as she was good; and it was impossible for any one to be near her without loving her. She took a liking to me, and was very kind to me, and treated me more like a bundle friend than a paid servant. Whenever she and her papa went, I went with them; and we travelled about a good deal at different times, both in England and abroad

er; and after we got back home, the first place Miss Frederica and I went to was to Belair church, to see the marble tablet which had been put up to the memory of the dead child. I stayed with Miss Frederica a year or two longer, till she was taken out of my hands, and put under the care of a governess; and I was then free to marry, for I had been engaged many years, and Abel Garrod, my present husband that is, was getting tired of waiting."

"A very interesting piece of family history," said Mr. Greenbough, "but really, I don't see what it bears upon the case now under consideration."

"Mr. Garrod, I believe, has not quite finished yet," said Mr. Penning, dryly.

Mr. Greenbough shrugged his shoulders, glanced at his watch, and began to bite the end of his quill viciously.

"Captain Spenceleigh—that is, the late Sir Philip—remained just 'on his visit to Don's' Manor, was sometimes accompanied by a younger brother, named Reginald, who had been brought up to be a barrister, but who afterwards went out to Canada, and died there a few years later. I saw Mr. Reginald many different times and had often occasion to speak to him, and have had presents from him, so that I could not possibly be mistaken as to his appearance. One evening last autumn, as I was walking through the waiting-room at Kingsthorpe Station, I certainly thought that I saw his ghost before me. I was quite assured, so striking was the likeness between the man I saw before me and my late master's youngest brother. I never thought of asking who the stranger was, but it dawned on me a mere chance likeness, and I forgot all about it after a few days; that is, I forgot all about it till I saw the stranger again. The next time I saw him was when he was brought to my door by the Kingsthorpe carrier, who had found him lying wounded and insensible in the high-road. I recognized him again in an instant as the stranger I had seen for a moment one evening about two months before, but, gentlemen, I should quite fail in expressing to you what I felt when the doctor, on stripping the wounded man's shoulder to examine his hurt, pointed out to me a strange mark on that shoulder, exactly similar to the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur, who had died twenty years before—there, certainly was, like for like, as I now remembered it."

"I have already said that we were engaged at that time with a lady who had charge of Master Arthur, under the name, and who was sent back home after a very short stay in England. This woman was passionately fond of the boy, and after she left Belair, while I was away for a few days during my mother's absence, continued, by some means not known to herself, to mark him on the left shoulder with the figure of a robed man holding a cross in his hands, done in faint blue lines, which nothing could ever rub out. I was most vexed when I got to know about it, and I decided the woman rarely; but you see it was done, and couldn't be undone. I mentioned it privately to Lady Spenceleigh, but I never spoke of it to Mr. Philip—I was afraid of the anger. Both the love and the shame of you gentlemen are perhaps aware, are sacred traditions among the Indians, and the story and the mark was a charm which would save the child safely through many dangers, and that would bring him back to life when everybody thought he was dead. Of course, I set no store by her gibberish; but I must say I was startled when I saw on the shoulder of the Mark Knight, an exact counterpart of the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur Spenceleigh, dead twenty years before. And I think, gentlemen, that is all I have to say at present."

"And quite enough, too," muttered Mr. Greenbough.

The vicar had been taking copious notes; and he had tried to follow his example, but had got the tail of one sentence or another, and he was now looking at the vicar, who, after several vain efforts to make some sense of what he had just written, gave up the task in despair. Said the vicar to the vicar:

"You do not, I hope, my dear sir, attach much importance to the evidence of the vicar?"

"Not much, certainly, as the man stands at present," returned the vicar. "His evidence seems to rest on nothing stronger than one of those coincidences which are so much to be expected in real life as some people imagine. Still, I believe James Garrod to be a sturdy honest fellow; one who would speak the truth unhesitatingly, as far as he knows it."

"Just so—so far as he knows it," said the vicar. "But I suppose he is always dangerous when things are handled."

"Well, as he proceeded a little further, and saw what some of us could do," said the vicar. "Who is your next witness, Mr. Penning?"

"What I propose to do next," said Mr. Penning, "is to read to you the evidence of one James Billings, formerly a footman at Belair, afterwards transported for burglary, and now just released from Portland, after serving out a second sentence."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Greenbough, grimly. "Former footman now an inveterate thief! I wonder what value any jury would attach to the evidence of such a disreputable character. But why not let the fellow himself say?"

"I did not think it necessary to produce him in person on such an occasion as this," said Mr. Penning. "I can, however, have him here for you to interrogate, if you wish it. Meanwhile, I will, with your permission, read the statement which has been drawn up by Billings himself without any assistance."

"Very good, sir," said the vicar; whereupon Mr. Penning read as under:

"According to promise made and given, I, James Billings, otherwise known as 'Jim the Dwarf,' now proscribed to get down on paper some recollections of my early life."

"To begin at the beginning. You know as well as I that I was footman at Belair, but you don't know how I came to be there, and I must add a few words of explanation, so that you may understand better what follows. My father was a well-known beggar in the streets, which was a far more education, and all my family were more or less mixed up with the poor folk. But my father got ragged as he grew, and my two brothers came to grief in another way, and I got into a mischief of the worst kind, so that I determined to try what honesty would do for me, making my fortune. Now to another year with you, your worship, as to how I got a footman's place at Belair, and two or three years later, I went into the service of Lady Spenceleigh on her marriage, and so to sources of time, found myself at Belair, and I liked a footman's life well enough for

some things—there was no hard work to do, and plenty of time for reading the newspapers; but, on the other hand, I seemed as far as ever from making my fortune. It was about this time that I fell in with Nance Fennell, who was living with her mother at White Grange, and I used to go there to see her as often as I could find time."

"I ought to have told you that one of my sisters was married to Charlie Wing, a noted crackman or housebreaker. Charlie often professed to be sorry that I had taken to such a dull way of getting a living; and said that a young fellow of my abilities, with proper instruction, might have done something splendid in his own line; and would often invite me to join him. One day Charlie met me, and said: 'Your people often go to Sedgeley Court, and you go with them.' 'Yes,' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'me and my pal, Bill Stuckley, have got a plan on there. There's no end of plate in the house; and just at this time of the year, while they are having so much company, the old dowager keeps all her diamonds at home. Now, I want you, next time you go there, to make me a careful plan of the house and contents; all you can about the position and strength of the plate-chest; and if the crack comes off all right, you shall have a fair share of the swag, and then you can marry that girl that you are so sweet on, and look it to Australia.' I took the bait after a while, and agreed to do as he wanted. Perhaps Charlie would have wanted to crack Belair, only he knew from me that while Sir Philip was in India, all the family plate was kept at the banker's."

"At this time there was living at Belair, Lady Spenceleigh and her baby son; Master Arthur Spenceleigh, the baronet's son, by his first marriage, a lad about five years old; and Miss Frederica Spenceleigh, the daughter of the late baronet, both of whose parents had died in India. After a time, Miss Frederica was sent away with her nurse to some seaside place for the good of her health, and a few weeks after that, it was reported among us servants down stairs that Master Arthur was lying very ill upstairs of some catching fever, and orders were given that nobody was to go near the room except the doctor, and the woman who had volunteered to nurse him. This woman was a Mrs. Winch, the landlady of the Hand and Dagger at Newmarket, and my Lady's confidante in everything. It seems that she had known one another when she was a girl, and everybody said it was very good for her to run the risk. The doctor who saw the boy was Mrs. Winch's brother, his name was Knudsen—same, as everybody said, and not one of your swell doctors by any means. Well, Master Arthur got worse and worse, and in a few days he died—so that we were told, and as particular was Mrs. Winch that nobody could touch the body, and she had to be carried out that when the undertaker's men brought the coffin, she made them leave it outside the room, and said she would do the rest herself. So we were all put into black, and there was a quiet funeral one morning, and everybody thought they had seen the last of poor Master Arthur."

"On the second night after the funeral, I had an engagement to meet Charlie at twelve o'clock in the east passage. We kept early hours at Belair, and so I was not at all obliged to get up, but I went down stairs to see the boy who was lying in bed, and I found him dead. I had seen Charlie, and was coming back along the gravelled path that runs round the east wing of the Hall, when what should I hear but a child's thin voice, that sounded close to me, but whether above or below, I couldn't tell, crying, 'Help—help! Please ask them to let me out! I locked myself out, but now my blood and my blood run cold all over me.' I called out, 'Who are you, and what place do you want to be let out of?' 'I am Master Arthur,' said the child's voice, 'and I have been shut up here ever since a long time. Oh, do please let me out, please let me out! I want to see my mother, I have been shut down with a stone when I locked myself out, but now my blood and my blood run cold all over me. With a good deal of bother, I made out where he was, and then I got one of the gardeners' ladders, and climbing against the wall, which just there is thick covered with ivy, I climbed up it, and so found the spot where the voice came from. It was a long narrow slit in the thick wall of what is the middle part of the Hall, opening a small room, which I don't think I have ever used as a hiding place in the old times. This opening, as I afterwards found, was regularly hidden from the outside by a thick curtain of ivy. 'Who shut you up here, Master Arthur?' I said, speaking to him through the slit in the wall. 'My Lady, and that woman with the cat's eyes,' he said—meaning Mrs. Winch. 'How long have you been here?' I asked. 'I don't know how long, because I always feel as though I had been a very long time,' he said. 'Then you, Billings, is it not?' I asked him. 'Will you please to shake hands with me?' I squeezed my hand into the slit as far as I could, and then I felt his cold little fingers grasp mine. 'Thank you,' he said, in his low, monotonous way, as he set my hand again, and I had a very queer feeling round my heart for some minutes afterwards. I looked to him a little while, and then I said to him, 'I must get down now, Billings—I am standing on two chairs placed on the table—so I am getting very sleepy again, and I might fall, you know. You will ask them to let me out, will you not? Good night, and God bless you, Billings!'"

"On my soul, I don't like to put it down! I bet I betrayed my promise to that child, and never mentioned to any one what I had seen and heard. I have done many a wicked thing in my life, but that was the wickedest of them all. I started at doing what I had done, and I don't know if I shall ever get it out of my mind. I don't like to put it down! I bet I betrayed my promise to that child, and never mentioned to any one what I had seen and heard. I have done many a wicked thing in my life, but that was the wickedest of them all. I started at doing what I had done, and I don't know if I shall ever get it out of my mind. I don't like to put it down! I bet I betrayed my promise to that child, and never mentioned to any one what I had seen and heard. I have done many a wicked thing in my life, but that was the wickedest of them all. I started at doing what I had done, and I don't know if I shall ever get it out of my mind. I don't like to put it down! 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